

UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHURCH'S DEBT TO ANONYMOUS HELPERS

THERE is an old story of a prince-bishop who wished to build a church for God. He asked all his people to give, and they gave gladly of their time and toil and wealth, and he himself gave more than all. In time the great Abbey was built, and the bishop's heart was filled with pride. He spoke of it as his church, and in a central place he set a statue of himself, and over the arch he had his own name inscribed. When people from other lands came to visit he wanted them to remember that the noble pile was the work of his hands.

One night, in a dream, an angel appeared to him and bade him follow. "Come, and I will show you some of those who helped you to build your cathedral," he said.

Out into a country lane they went, and there saw two oxen resting a while, for they were tired and their work of drawing stones for the cathedral was hard. As they rested, a poor child from a hut nearby came and gave each a wisp of straw. When they had eaten, they seemed refreshed and began to strain at the stones again.

Seeing this, the prince began to understand that after all he had not built the church alone. Others had done what they could, and without their toil and love the work had never been done. And he was filled with sorrow because of his pride and self-conceit.

In the morning he sent for the sculptor and bade him make an image of two oxen and a little child with a wisp of straw in her hand. He did so, and when the people came they saw not the prince-bishop, but the oxen and the child.

They loved to see them, for somehow it helped them to do their daily tasks all the better, and they loved the bishop who had grown so humble and who prized the smallest service done by love.

In all great achievements and movements there are always many anonymous and often forgotten helpers.

History emblazons a few great names on her scroll, but fails for the most part to do justice to their fellow laborers, on whose faithful devotion and endurance almost everything depended.

In the case of recognized rivers, there is one name on the map, while the innumerable streams, becks, burns, rivulets, trickles, go unnamed and even unmarked. Yet rivers are wholly dependent on such contributing waters. They become possible only as these little and often anonymous tributaries flow down hill and mountain side, to lose their identity in larger waters.

The river of Christianity, flowing in fertilizing power in that first century through the ancient world, depended on innumerable tributaries, named and unnamed.

History has fixed on a few outstanding names, constantly written and preached about, and about which traditions and legends accumulate, while most of their fellow helpers have fallen out of remembrance.

Paul has been spoken of as the founder of world-wide Christianity.

But for him it looks as though the Christian religion might have remained a sort of Jewish sect. He stands in a certain splendid isolation. But one of the fine things about him is that he sees himself not in isolation, but in a great fellowship. He constantly refers to his comrades, gives many a lovely and inspiring glimpse of them. He at least escaped the sin of the prince-bishop.

Some of them are household names—Barnabas, Silas, Mark, Timothy, Luke. Others are not so well known. There was Epaphras, the founder of the Church at Colosse, one of the Apostle's prison visitors. A man who would volunteer if there was a bit of unpleasant, difficult work to be done. He stood by Paul and played his minor rôle in a brave and noble spirit. There was Epaphroditus, whose biography we have in a single verse. The worth of men is not, fortunately, to be judged by the length of their biographies!

"My brother, my fellow-worker, and fellow-soldier," he calls him, the words being arranged, in the view of Lightfoot, in an ascending scale to denote common sympathy, common work, common danger and suffering.

It was the custom to alleviate the lot of prisoners by bringing them gifts. Epaphroditus took such gifts to Paul from the little church at Philippi. Then instead of returning post haste he stayed to help the Apostle in prison, taking part in the witness of the Gospel that went on in spite of imprisonment. It was no easy task, and he put his heart into it and evidently overtaxed his strength. Paul says he hazarded his life.

After a severe illness and recovery, he returned to Philippi, carrying with him the Apostle's "love letter" to that church. Certainly no postman ever carried a more delightful letter.

Then there was Aristarchus, who is Rev. J. A. Hutton's favorite among those obscure names of the New Testament. We find no word and no act of his anywhere recorded. So far as we know he never even moved a motion, never seconded one. But whenever Paul is mentioned as being in a tight corner, this silent person, Aristarchus, is at hand. When St. Paul was in doubt as to whether to go up to Jerusalem, Aristarchus is seen standing by, as though to say: "Do not ask me to decide for you. But whatever you decide, I am with you."

Dr. Hutton describes him as a kind of faithful collie or mastiff of a man who secretly chortled with happiness when bricks, intended for Paul's fine head, struck his simpler one!

Of others we know still less. There is a list of names—some thirty or forty in all, at the close of the letter to the Romans, that needs to be read with imagination. As the Apostle names one after another, there rushes to mind, some sharing of service or of suffering, some bit of loyal work or of kindly hospitality, as in the reference to one, Rufus, "his mother and mine." There the wandering Apostle had found a home and in the letter "there's rosemary for remembrance." Probably most of the named were humble people, some possibly slaves as their names suggest, and they must have found the recognition good.

Behind these named ones, were many unnamed, "the rest of my fellow workers," he calls them, whose names are on no earthly scroll, but are in God's book of remembrance, the book of life.

Below the commander were all the unknown soldiers, the rank and file of those early churches, upon whose loyal fidelity and courage the cause finally depended.

It has been pointed out that the spread of Christianity in those first three centuries was mainly due to "informal missionaries," who were not set apart or officially sent, but who carried the good news, wherever they went. As Har-

nack says, "the cause of the marvelous growth of the early church lay not in Apostles, Apologists, Martyrs, but in the faithful witness of average common Christians." Many of them were women—they played indeed an important rôle—then, as now, the church would have been in a poor way without them.

"What women these Christians have!" exclaimed one pagan on hearing of the devotion of one of them.

Churches sprang up, and often nothing is known of those who first sowed the seed. The church in Rome began in that anonymous way. It was there long before Paul came there. We no more know who founded it than we know who wrote the "Te Deum" or who built the cathedral at Amiens. How much Christianity then and since owes to these brave anonymous ones will never be known, "till the day when many that are first shall be last and the last first."

These are perhaps the world's greatest heroes, these who do not care whether history knows their names or not, so long as "the right word is said and life the sweeter made."

It is a fascinating subject—this of anonymous helpers—good to dwell upon for a number of reasons. The greatest are never guilty of that sort of forgetting. They are only too proud to recognize the lovely, anonymous loyalties and sacrifices that won the victory.

There is not a church or a school that does not depend on that sort of unrecorded and undecorated service. We recently attended the centenary of a little village chapel and felt how worth while the celebration was, if for no other reason than for the inspiring glimpses we got of the brave, devoted, humble folk who had served God and their fellows in that place. There were laborers and farm servants, and in the remoter times handloom weavers whose days were cruelly long, yet who somehow found time for the service of their little church.

With a minimum of paid help, almost everything depended on their voluntary service. Such were the beginnings of thousands of our churches.

It is well to remember the struggles and sacrifices of these obscure folk, in the background of our church life.

That is by far the most profitable side of church history—not the controversies of councils or the formulation of creeds, or the disputes over heresies, but the unwritten records of these pious and anonymous founders. There is no church, however small, in all the countryside, that has not some inspiring histories of that sort in its keeping. The remembrance can be a cleansing, humbling, gratitude-stirring experience.

Few better antidotes to the juniper tree mood can be found than to try to visualize these anonymous helpers, quietly, obscurely at work

in our own time. They neither strive nor cry. Forgetting their existence, men paint the world in blacker colors than they need. Ruskin once admitted that he had fallen into dark and bitter moods because he had forgotten the lights burning on a thousand obscure altars. When he remembered those lights he knew that things were not nearly so hopeless as he had imagined. Such remembrance is good and not without its thrill and its benediction.

A correspondent of our column tells of a scattered hamlet, miles from a town, or a railway station. To reach it there was a three-mile climb uphill all the way, and then a further three-mile trudge along narrowing lanes. There amid a group of simple dwellings was a wayside chapel, small and unpretentious, and lighted by candles. In one of the little cottages was an old saint of God, whose face was a benediction. It was worth the journey to look at him and talk with him. On him the chapel depended. He filled all the offices, and did all the work. He opened the door and lighted the candles and took the collection and dusted the seats and as often as not conducted the worship, though he made no claim to any ability to preach. He was just one of those anonymous saints—a most loyal and lovely soul. There are more of them on the earth than we sometimes think.

Bernard Shaw somewhere says there has only been one Christian and He was hanged. Apparently he knows no one to whom he would give the name. If he went and sought among obscure folk in obscure places, he might make some discoveries.

So far as the world goes and its fame, the great majority of us will be nameless.

As Sir Thomas Browne, the literary doctor of Norwich wrote: "The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men. . . . To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one."

When "the register of God" is opened, it will be no small distinction to have belonged to the brave obscure company of anonymous helpers—as St. Paul says:

"The rest of my fellow-workers, whose names are in the Book of Life."—PHILIPPIANS, 4-3.—
"The Churchman Afield," Boston Transcript.

Books are Friends—merry, genteel, care-free companions.

Worthy books are not companions: they are solitudes.

We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.
 —*Bailey.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Fish Hash.—Place one pound of salt fish in dish on second cover of stove. After it soaks a while, change water again, and let it just steam, but not boil. Use about six or seven boiled potatoes. Chop all together and fry in pork fat until brown. Moisten a little with milk.

Tomato Chowder.—One quart canned tomatoes, 2 chopped onions, 1 quart boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice, 4 tablespoons fat, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika. Melt shortening, add chopped onion and brown well. Add tomatoes, rice and water. Cook slowly one hour, or until rice is tender. Season well and serve hot.

Baked Stuffed Peppers.—Wash, remove seeds and white partitions from peppers; parboil five minutes, drain well; fill with a dressing made with bread crumbs, seasoned with onion juice, celery or parsley, moistened with butter, melted. Season to taste. Bake until dressing is cooked and peppers are tender.

Apple Sauce Cake.—One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, 1 large cup sour apple sauce, beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda and salt, 1 cup raisins; also add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely cut citron.

Oatmeal Apple Pudding.—One pint apples, cut in eighths, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Arrange apples in bottom of greased dish and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Cream shortening and sugar, add well beaten egg and vanilla. Beat well. Add milk alternately with rolled oats, flour, baking powder and salt mixed together. Pour over apples and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

HANDY HINTS

One day I needed another hat stand, and I knew I would not be able to go shopping for one for several days, so I searched around the house for something that would serve. I tried a coffee can, and it worked fine. Now, when the saturation point in my pantry is reached, I shall know what to do with the extra coffee cans.

It serves also as a good place for extra spools of thread. They are out of the way, clean, and weight the can. I suppose if one had the paint, the time and the inclination, they could make the can look very decorative; but I, being possessed of none of those things, use mine as is.

Adding bread crumbs to apple pies aids in soaking up the juice, and the crumbs cannot be detected when the pie is baked.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Lawson Hutchinson, Glade Hill, Va., is the mother of two baby girls, one over two and the other, one year and eight months. The youngest baby has rickets and is unable to stand or walk. She would appreciate reading, cards or pictures to amuse her children. Quilt scraps, short pieces of lace or embroidery floss would help pass away the lonely hours this winter.

2. It has been a long time since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*. I would love to correspond with someone. I am the mother of two children, the oldest, a boy, four years old, and a baby girl, almost two. They both love picture books. I would appreciate some quilt pieces. My mother, Mrs. Mary J. Bond of Decatur, Texas, has been a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* since I was only 16 months old, and I am now 21 years old. She was a widow then, her name was Bailey, and we lived near Boston, Texas. All these years she has received the magazine, and we are very thankful for all the blessings we received from the kind ladies. She is now in very poor health, and would love to hear from some of the good ladies. Mrs. Francis Vess, R. 1, Decatur, Texas.

3. Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Sturgill, N. C., wants to thank the *Cheerful Letter* for all they

sent her. She lives far from church or school, and would appreciate good reading for her boys and girls. She would also enjoy some pieces and any kind of thread.

4. I haven't heard from anyone for some time. I received a bundle of quilt pieces, for which I want to thank the sender. I am a widow with five children, and would appreciate good reading, quilt pieces, and embroidery thread. If it isn't asking too much, I would like some flower seeds and bulbs. Mattie Cariker, Russellville, Ark.

5. Please give me just a little space to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* for what they are doing for lonely invalids. It is so nice to have someone to cheer those who are shut in and cannot help themselves. I am very lonely. Would someone send me reading, or needle work of any kind? Just something to cheer me. Carrie Neaves, Lansing, N. C.

6. Mrs. C. W. Foley, Box 303, Bassett, Va., an old friend of the *Cheerful Letter*, would be glad to be remembered this winter with reading and quilt pieces. She wishes the *Cheerful Letter* much success.

7. Miss Bessie McFarland, Manchester, N. C., asks if she could have some raffia and raffia needles to teach her Sunday School class and a deaf and dumb girl. Her express office is at Overhills, N. C.

8. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the dear friends. I would appreciate some light reading and quilt pieces. Mrs. A. L. Lewis, R. 1, Box 8, Big Spring, Tenn.

9. Mrs. Donnie Jones, Tuckerdale, N. C., is a young married woman, living far off the road and from church. She has one child, five months old. She would be very happy to receive quilt pieces, embroidery, floss, or light reading.

10. Mrs. Ossie May, Lansing, N. C., would like some reading material very much, as she gets very lonesome.

11. I wish to thank all who have sent me things in the past. I am 78 years old and not able to do much housework. I will be glad to receive quilt pieces, bits of ribbons and laces, and stockings to make rugs. Thanks to the one who is sending me the magazine. Mrs. Frank Taylor, Midway St., Vinton, Va.

12. Mrs. Della Wright, R. 2, Box 66, Ferrum, Va., would enjoy some reading for herself and her boys. Scraps of percale or gingham would also be welcome. She is a widow, living far from church or town on a rented farm in the mountains.

13. Mrs. Carrie Wright, Clinchburg, Va., would be pleased with some reading for herself and her two children, a boy 17, and a girl 19.

14. I live on a farm and have three children, two boys, 4 and 2, and a little girl, two months old. I hope to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I would be so happy to have pieces for patch work and embroidery thread. The boys would love some picture books and cards. Mrs. Daniel Summers, Cochranville, Pa.

15. Mrs. P. B. Twilly, Putney, Ga., writes to thank all who sent her reading matter, letters, or any kind of cheer. She lives out in the country, and has been sick and not able to attend church. The religious literature was a comfort, indeed.

OFFER

From Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High St., Montclair, N. J. Century Dictionary, issue of 1889-1906.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Ruth W. Ashley, from Boone, N. C., to Lansing, N. C.

Mrs. Nan Adams, from Lansing, N. C., to R. 2, Grassy Creek, N. C.

Mrs. Julia May, from Brandon, N. C., to Clifton, N. C.

Ena and Lacy Lesterman, from Rugby to Grose Close, Va.

Mrs. C. A. Hill, now of Norwood, N. C., R. 1, Box 98, c/o James Hudson.

Mrs. Francis Vess, from Duke, Okla., to R. 1, Decatur, Texas.

Mrs. Pearl Helms, from R. 1, Albemarle, N. C., to R. 1, New London, N. C.

ONE WITH A SONG

HE sings: and his song is heard,
Pure as a joyous prayer,
Because he sings of the simple things—
The fields, and the open air,
The orchard-bough, and the mockingbird,
And the blossoms everywhere.

He sings of a wealth we hold
In common ownership—
The wildwood nook, and the laugh of the brook,
And the dewdrop's drip and drip,
The love of the lily's heart of gold,
And the kiss of the rose's lip. . . .

Ours every rapturous tone
Of every song of glee,
Because his voice makes native choice
Of nature's harmony—
So that his singing seems our own,
And ours his ecstasy.

Steadfastly, bravely glad
Above all earthly stress,
He lifts his line to heights divine,
And, singing, ever says,—
This is a better world than bad—
God's love is limitless.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in "Home Folks."

TEACHING THE CHILD THE NEAR- NESS OF GOD

SOMETIMES, perhaps, through wrong teaching on our part, the child gets an idea of God as very far off—in heaven, and of heaven as "up in the sky." The understanding that love can reach us wherever we are was naturally reached in this incident: John had been attending the kindergarten regularly and was very happy in sitting next to dear teacher every time she told a story or when they were arranged in the circle together. But one day a new child came. Mary Helen being rather timid, Miss Harrison suggested to John that he sit across the circle and let Mary Helen sit next to her. At first John absolutely refused. Why, he loved his teacher so much he wanted to sit by her all the time! Miss Harrison said to John, very quietly, "Can't your love for me stretch across the room?" John took the challenge. In a little while he raised his hand and said, "Miss Harrison, it stretches!" At this moment John was ready to understand how God's love can "stretch" to him, and his to God.—*Parent-Teacher Magazine*.

If you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument of gentleness and justice and benevolence.—*Epictetus*.

FOOTPRINTS BY THE BROOK TRACED IN THE EARLY SNOWS

It was a glorious morning after one of the recent early snows of the season. Woods and fields were glistening white, patiently drowsing under the comforter spread over them for protection before mid-winter storms sweep over the face of the land with their zero blizzards.

The zestful air crisped the snow so it crunched invitingly, as Neanderthal, the wire-haired fox terrier, and I set out for our annual adventure walk. This is a yearly crusade for us. No Jerusalem are we seeking to wrest from infidel hands, though Neanderthal always has one last frantic try at the hole beneath the pasture wall where Chug-Chug, the fat, amiable old woodchuck is snoring the time away. A couple of months ago when Chug-Chug and Neanderthal had their last set-to of the season, Chug-Chug waved his chin whiskers in derision at the stupidity of the world in general and barking dogs in particular, as he popped into his hole for the final time.

Along the Concord River are many haunts of nature paradise. But there is special charm and adventure following the small brooks which flow into it. They come swiftly and slowly; through woodland, field and swamp. Sometimes they tumble gaily, recklessly down over a series of falls as they leave a high, hard-wood ridge. Again they meander along slowly and sedately as if they realized they must act circumspectly so near the solemn shrine of America's freedom. Each brook has a score of moods. In one short mile you encounter a dashing, devil-may-care Don Juan who is out to seek adventures in an intriguing world; in another spot the brook runs along darkly and mysteriously beneath overhanging hazels and birches like a bearded, dark-skinned Latin on the street of a murky-lighted Italian city. Again it flows in straight line, serious and purposeful, like the Puritans who first saw it, who realized the awful futility of human existence.

LOT OF SEEDS AND SUCH

But however the brook flows, whatever its mood, the wild folk love it, and in the winter time are drawn to it. After a snowstorm, and particularly those of early winter before it has come in deadly earnest, a walk along the brook is like reading the diary of many of the wild folks.

Foozy, the shaggy muskrat, loves the early winter. In his cozy den at the end of a long, tortuous burrow safely above the water level, he has stored a goodly quantity of wild rice seeds, lily stems, and dried grasses, which he likes. Also he has put on extra weight, mostly fat, which he can draw upon as an emergency supply if the winter is very harsh.

Foozy has already been out this morning after

the storm. See the hole where he came out! He has pattered around on the bank, and made two or three short sallies into this patch of grass. The tracks are fresh, perhaps he saw us coming and right now is listening to us.

Neanderthal takes a few disinterested sniffs, and then looks impatiently at me. "What is the sense of lingering here?" he asks, "when just a little way above is that fascinating woodchuck hole?"

COUNTRY SQUIRE, WITH EGG

A bit further on is the track of a larger animal. Marqueeeta, the mink, is not an honored member of the wild-folk family. She is slinking and sly in her ways. Nature gave her a sixth sense, which makes her a terrible menace. Like a shadowy wraith she stalks her doomed prey on heavily padded feet. Her lithe hind legs have muscles of unbelievable power. She can spring with the speed of a bullet several yards. As she springs, she lets out a combination half-shriek, half-hiss which sounds the knell of her victim.

Tragedy lurks along Marqueeeta's trail. I think that following her tracks I have seen more spots of crimson blood on the white snow than after any other animal. Perhaps we will see one today. Yes, a short way further on the brook goes under an old stone wall. Chakeeta, the red squirrel, was going to one of his caches among the beech trees up on the ridge when Marqueeeta heard him coming. A few splotches of red on the new snow, and a few reddish hairs, mutely and eloquently tell of the life-and-blood drama enacted there within a few hours.

Marqueeeta is highly prized by trappers for her glossy, thick black coat. But some whim of the Nature God gave her great cunning, so that she is hard to catch. A short way beyond the wall, Marqueeeta turns and goes up over the ridge.

Up near the pasture wall is a grove of half a dozen gaunt, old apple trees. They must have watched the seasons come and go for three-quarters of a century. I am always sure to meet two of my wild folk friends here after an average storm. Chakeeta, the red squirrel, loves the seeds of apples and, sure enough, he is digging there in the snow.

I hold Neanderthal firmly as I peer out from my protection of a group of hemlocks. Yes, the other acquaintance is there.

Binka, the partridge, is a wily old fellow. Binka and I are great friends, though in truth it must be admitted our friendship is of the long-distance variety. He's such a cocky, self-sufficient fellow. He asks no favors, and is willing to trust to his own devices for safety.

I have known Binka several years. He's getting along now. If he could only grow a bit bald and wear a waistcoat spotted with egg,

he'd look just like a stout country squire—as he sits there on a limb eating the plump apple buds.

ON A DIET

I put Neanderthal down, and after giving himself a good shake to soothe his ruffled coat and dignity, he heads in a straight line for the apple trees, as fast as his short legs will take him. Two-thirds the way there, the red squirrel scrambles up into the tree and emits a chorus of staccato protestations. Neanderthal doubles his speed, and suddenly trips. He turns a complete somersault, lands on his back, struggles a bit uncertainly to his feet, and looks at me. Seeing my grin, he says, "Think it's funny, don't you? Well, how about that morning a month ago when we were exploring that swamp and you broke through the ice, and got wet up to your waist! That wasn't so funny, was it?" Then he shakes again, thoroughly and with considerable dignity, and proceeds to tell Chakeeta what a superfluity on the face of nature he is.

Old neglected orchards are always fruitful spots. (No pun intended.) It is Binka's favorite restaurant in the winter time, for apple-tree buds are much more succulent than those of the wild trees.

I find that many people believe Binka leads a terribly hard and hazardous existence in the winter. On the contrary, his winter is enjoyable and leisurely. Suppose a great blizzard is sweeping down from the north, bearing on a high wind of zero temperature vast quantities of snow? Binka is ready. He picks a spot in a grove of evergreens and burrows into a drift at the foot of a tree. The snow piles in over him and he sleeps warmly and peacefully till the storm is over. It's no hardship for him to refrain from eating for several days. Like other birds and animals, he has a surplus of weight to draw upon.

However, it is this very method of protection which sometimes brings a horrible tragedy. Six years ago we had a big snowstorm and thousands of partridges were safely ensconced in their pockets beneath the drifts. But just at the end of the storm, the temperature suddenly moderated. So much so that it began to rain. After a few hours the temperature went way down, and over all the land was an ice crust inches deep. Horses could walk on it without breaking through. And the ruffled grouse starved to death, in countless numbers. This autumn, for the first time, I have seen as many partridges as there were six years ago.

So Binka does have a great peril in the winter, but on the whole he fares well. In a dense grove of hemlock or pine he sleeps the night hours away. Always after a storm, he is one of the first friends I encounter.

Beyond the pasture wall, I leave the brook and

go up onto a knoll. This is a favorite spot for Kooza, the red fox. Yes, he has been there this morning. Very likely, lying motionless on one of these rocks, he followed my meandering along the brook until he thought it prudent to slip down into the swamp out of sight. Probably he's down in the meadow now, hunting for a juicy field mouse.

WIDE AWAKE, NOT SLEEPY

After a snowstorm, Kooza loves to take a ramble. If he's hungry, it's a propitious time to catch an unwary rabbit. If he's in a frolicsome mood, he'll let the dogs have a run with him; and when the chase gets boring he'll shake them off up in the rocky cliffs on Ball Mountain.

One fall, just after the first snow, I was out on a hike around the base of Monadnock, and through my glasses I watched three young foxes playing around in the light snow, for all the world like a bunch of playful puppies. They leaped, and sprawled and rolled around at a great rate. They jumped over each other, and on each other. Two would stage a sham battle, rolling over and over, locked together. The third would watch a few minutes, and then he would pile on, breaking up the party.

The first snow is a great event for the wild folk. To some it means bed time; but to others it means just another season of frolic and work.—*Haydn Sanborn Pearson, in the Boston Transcript.*

WILD PASTURES

My black flocks wander on the bitter salt marshes;

In the mist they feed and drink;

They pick at the sea-holly and the rough plants and grasses,

At the harsh water's brink.

My white flocks stray about the landward meadows;

Their fleeces shine;

With lowered heads they feed on the tender herbs and grasses

Tasting their honey-wine.

But my horned sheep spring and go upon the mountains

Lifting their heads to the wind;

Out on the crags they stand; they drink of the running water,

In the way of their kind.

—*Grace Rhys, in "A Celtic Anthology."*

Do today's duty, fight today's temptation; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

KEEP A GOOD HEART

WHEN a disease is constantly mowing down the population, and when that disease is largely preventable, the public should know it. Disease of the heart holds the record for killing. The war wasn't a patch on it. In a year and a half, shells, bullets, bombs and gas killed less than seventy thousand Americans. Heart disease, each year, kills some one hundred and fifty-five thousand.

Probably two million of us have heart disease today. In draft and camp examinations, the Army Medical Officers rejected, for serious heart defects, 2 per cent of the men examined. Those were young fellows. In the schools, things are almost as bad. In New York, for instance, examinations show that 1½ per cent of the public school children have serious heart defects. In Boston and throughout the country about the same percentage holds. Do you see what that means? It strongly suggests that three-fourths of heart disease among men of military age begins in childhood. That is significant. For it points out a broad road to prevention.

One great cause of youthful heart disease is rheumatism. St. Vitus dance is another. Unlike much of the so-called rheumatism of mid life and of old age, rheumatism in children is not a mere symptom of other disease. It is a definite infection. So-called "growing pains" in children sometimes mean rheumatism; and children suffering from such pains should be taken promptly to a competent physician. It will generally be found that they are in need of treatment, both to eradicate the cause of rheumatism, and to prevent serious after effects.

Rheumatism, or arthritis, may follow scarlet fever or pneumonia. The patent medicine ads gabble about uric acid as a cause of rheumatism. That is sheer bunk. Decayed teeth may have something to do with it; proper diet and good care of the teeth may help. Much more often the bacteria which enter the blood and infect the joints come from diseased tonsils. The removal of diseased tonsils is a real measure of prevention. It prevents much rheumatic infection; and so prevents many cases of heart disease. But neglect of infected tonsils leaves the way clear for rheumatic infection of the joints, and for rheumatic fever. And in at least one case out of four, inflammation of the joints or rheumatic fever means damage to the valves of the heart.

Damage to the heart results also, of course, from other causes. A certain very serious disease which the rules of polite society forbid us to name,—that cause of partial blindness, of deafness, insanity, general paralysis and death,—also attacks the heart. Early, skilful and per-

tinacious treatment makes complete cure not unlikely, and it greatly reduces the risk of injury to the heart.

In general, the physical well-being, the vitality which goes more or less with resistance to infection, helps ward off disease of the heart. In children, under-nourishment tends to lower resistance. In grown-ups, the sedentary life, plus too much food and minus a sufficiency of sleep, works in the same way. Bad hygiene means lowered resistance: lowered resistance, often, spells trouble with the heart.

Still, for you and me, if we are sensible, the risks are small. There are perhaps fewer cases of real than of imaginary heart trouble among us. Physical strain, for instance, is far less risky than it is pictured. If we aren't utterly untrained and flabby, we can exert ourselves to the point of fainting—and beyond—without risk to the heart. But from any and every cause, or without apparent cause or reason, we may have all manner of so-called heart symptoms,—pain under the left ribs, an irregular heart beat, shortness of breath, fainting,—a whole bunch of disquieting sensations. But every sensation suggesting heart disease may easily result from some other cause,—indigestion, for instance, or so-called "nervousness."

Don't lie down under imaginary disease. If you have symptoms that feel like heart disease, get yourself examined by a first class physician, one who can't be fooled by one of the frequent hearts that sound queer, but are fundamentally O. K.

Though the risk for you and me is small, remember, please, that it's the biggest risk in sight. One hundred and fifty-five thousand people dying from heart disease each year is a serious matter. Two million people in the country with defective hearts today, that too is a serious matter. But looking at it broadly the problem is clear. Half the trouble begins among children, in school and before they go to school. By good general hygiene, and by the removal of diseased tonsils, a great deal of this can be prevented. Forget yourselves. Look out for the children. Insist on the best, the very best, care for them; and much of the problem of adult heart disease will take care of itself. Many of those one hundred and fifty-five thousand a year will stop dying of heart disease. Their hearts won't be diseased. And they will live longer; and live, let us hope, to good purpose.—*From Radio Health Talks by Henry Copley Greene.*

A NATURAL MISTAKE

"MA! Lookit the pretty little collar on that lady's dress."

"Hush, Johnny! That's the lady's skirt."
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

HEALTH

THINK health!

Yourself as healthy see,
For as you think within your heart
So you will be.

Talk health!

Speak words of truth and praise,
And know that wisdom's tongue
Is life and length of days.

Act health!

Let manner, mood, and mind
Show purpose, poise, and power
In high degree combined.

Build health!

By thought and word and deed;
Look high, have faith, endure,
Persist, and you'll succeed!

—Grenville Kleiser.

ON THE GREAT CRAG—ACOMA

THE nearer we drew to the great Crag, the more extraordinary was the impression it made—a marvelous agglomeration of abrupt escarpments, mighty pillars, and rugged cavernous clefts. You enter as it were upon the precincts of an astonishing stronghold through the half-ruined gateway of outstanding columns, broken by erosion, magnificent still in their strength and dignity. Looking up you are aware that the gray sandstone walls above are not merely perpendicular but actually overhanging, and are gashed and splintered into scores of crags of an indescribable grandeur. Absorbed in the general picture, you think little at first of the long, even line on the summit. It does, of course, indicate the blocks of houses, which are so intimately a part of the cliff itself that an approaching enemy must often have been deceived. Nursing the illusion that this strangely carved rock is some battlemented stronghold of mediaeval time, we made our ascent over a long stretch of sand, and then up the ancient "toe-and-finger-hole" trail in the rocks. At the top we were met by women gracefully balancing on their heads trays of fragile pottery. Quickly finding the one whom we sought, we asked if she would be able to keep us over night. With a grave inclination of her head, but no word, she turned and we followed till she paused before ascending by a ladder to the third story of the house where she lived. Leaving our small impedimenta for her to dispose of, we made our first circuit of the pueblo. . . .

Though in appearance these long blocks of apartments are community houses . . . each family or clan is a unit completely separated

from every other by very solid division walls. Independence of all but the immediate family or clan can hardly be carried to a greater extreme than with the Indian. . . .

Apartment-like as they look without, they are never connected inside. Within the house you will find an open hearth for warmth and cooking. In most houses there will be at one end three corn-grinding troughs (metates) sloping like a washboard in a tub. Kneeling behind them, a woman will use a small bevelled slab of stone or lava, of the same material as the trough, with which she crushes the grain, which then falls over the edge between the slabs, each trough making the meal finer than the one before. It has been noted ever since Castaneda's day, that, if not observed by strangers, the women always sing at their grinding. For several tribes the music for the corn-grinding songs has been written down.

Outside the house, at fairly frequent intervals, are beehive-shaped ovens where all the baking is done, except that of the "paper bread" (guayave) made from blue corn, which must be baked on very highly polished flat stones. These stones, which receive an extraordinary degree of care from the women, are placed upon a projecting part of the fireplace directly over the blaze. The guayave we saw was about the color and texture of a hornet's nest and tasted rather like popped corn.

It used to be true in almost all the tribes, that men did all the weaving and women made the baskets and pottery, but today one hears of women working at the loom. Though the men do all the heavy part of house construction, including the carpentering, it is the women who build the adobe walls, and do all the plaster work. The women make a game of it, apparently, and show more gayety than at almost any other time, whereas if a man were to be seen helping them in the very least, he would be such a butt of ridicule to all his comrades that it would amount to a disgrace.

Once a year before the great festival, on September 2, the inside walls of the houses are freshly whitewashed. Against them are hung buckskins and other garments, as well as guns, trinkets and silver necklaces made by their own artisans. Here, too, adding high color to the motley array, are the dried fruits and chilis, and jerked meats, all hung from the beams, as a food supply for winter. At night wool mattresses (colchones) are spread on the floor. By day they make comfortable seats against the walls and are covered by blankets.—Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, in "Acoma, the Sky City."

NIGHT rules, with noble repose, over men and animals alike, kindly loosed by her from the yoke of daily toil.—Anatole France.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

A MOST BEAUTIFUL NAME

A TRUE STORY

THE new doll had arrived on Thursday, Gloria's fourth birthday, but although it was now Sunday, Gloria still surveyed her treasure with a delight that was mingled with awe, so wonderful did it seem that this doll should have actually come to live with her, to be her very own.

The little playroom was filled with dolls. The twins, Milly and Molly, occupied the doll bed, the tiny, tiny baby, Bessie, was tucked in her miniature crib, a very ancient doll, minus her complexion, still smiled engagingly from her chair in the corner, and in the carriage, Jinny Rosamond sat in pink-satin splendor. But they were just dolls—this one was different.

Ever since Gloria began to comprehend what dolls were, she had wished for a doll exactly like this one, but she never could find the words to explain what she wanted. She only knew that when, in the store window, or in some other little girl's carriage, she saw a doll like this one, it seemed like the red and gold sunset, almost too beautiful to be true.

But somehow Mother had understood, and on Thursday morning there was waiting for her at the breakfast table what Gloria considered the most beautiful doll in all the world. Even now joy welled up in her little heart every time she looked at the soft, woolly, pink jacket and bonnet, and the lace-edged dress peeping beneath, and when she took the soft little bundle that looked exactly like a year-old baby, and hugged it close, admiring anew the dimpled hands and adorable smile, her happiness was complete.

Today she wished she could find the most beautiful name in all the world for her precious baby. Brother George, thinking of a favorite playmate, had suggested "Gladys," but Gloria had rejected that. Unconsciously she was searching for a very special name for this beloved doll.

While she was still wishing for a name, Mother called her to come to dinner. Downstairs, she shyly shook hands with Daddy's friend, Mr. Evans, who had been invited to dinner. She and George liked Mr. Evans, quite the best of all the friends that came to Sunday dinner, for he had a merry twinkle in his eye, and such an understanding smile! And he always talked about something that made George and Gloria want to listen, and that was why they liked him the very best of all the friends.

While Mother was serving the dessert, George asked if he might get his new Bible to show Mr. Evans. As he proudly displayed the soft leather binding, and the wonderful thumb index that made "Ecclesiastes" as easy to find as

"John," Mr. Evans said, "Did you know, George, that years ago a boy like you never had a Bible of his very own? Bibles were so rare and so expensive that there was only one in a whole village, and that one was chained to the pulpit in the church."

The idea of a book being chained to anything seemed so strange that the children were eager to hear more about it.

"When I was a little boy and lived in Wales, across the ocean," continued Mr. Evans, "my grandmother used to tell me this story. I suppose her grandmother told it to her, for although it is a true story, it happened much more than a hundred years ago.

A LITTLE WELSH GIRL

"At this time, very few of the little boys and girls could read, for books were very scarce, and they did not have great schools then as you have now. But there was a little Welsh girl, named Mary Jones, who walked several miles each week to the home of a kind lady who taught her to read. This lady had a copy of several chapters of the Bible, and it was from this that Mary learned to read.

"Every week she trudged over the rough mountain roads to the home of her kind friend, and she grew to love the Bible verses so much that she longed to have a Bible for her very own. She thought she would rather own a Bible than anything else in the whole world. She was a very poor little girl, but she decided that she would try to earn money enough to buy one some day. She was hardly as old as George, but she saved the money she earned, bit by bit, for a long, long time, although she did not even know where to go to buy a Bible, for they were very scarce.

"One day she heard that a Mr. Charles, a minister way over in Bala, had some Bibles, and she thought she might buy one from him. Now Bala was a long distance from her home, at least 25 miles—and of course, there were no railroads then. The rough road to the little village of Bala lay through the mountains, and in those days there were bold robbers who attacked people who traveled this lonely road. Little Mary Jones had heard about them, too, but so great was her desire to get a Bible for her very own that she did not worry about robbers.

"Early one morning, she put her precious savings in her pocket and slipped out of the little cottage that was her home.

"She wore a little red flannel petticoat," continued Mr. Evans. "I don't know why all little girls' petticoats of those days were red. Perhaps it was because red is such a pretty color, or perhaps they thought it looked warmer; but

anyway, every little girl wore a red flannel petticoat. And it was fortunate that she had the warm red petticoat, for she did not have shoes or stockings. Her little feet were bare, and that made walking over the stony roads much harder, but she was so happy thinking about the Bible that was to be her very own that she did not greatly mind the stones, or the lonely road, or the long, long walk.

THE ROAD TO BALA

"But it was much farther to Bala than she had ever imagined, and when she grew very, very tired, it was hard not to be discouraged. But she walked and walked and walked, and never even thought of turning back. Finally, when it began to get dark, and she was so tired that she could hardly take another step, she saw a few lights twinkling in the distance and knew that she was near the little town of Bala.

"At last she reached the home of Mr. Charles, but there was not a single light in the house, and although she knocked and knocked, no one came to the door, and the poor child dropped down on the doorstep in tears.

"Soon some kind people found her and explained that Mr. Charles had not returned home, but would probably come soon. When she told them how far she had walked and why she had come, they invited her to come inside to rest and wait for Mr. Charles.

"When Mr. Charles came home and heard her story, he knew she was a very brave little girl to walk that long distance alone, but poor Mr. Charles was very, very sad, for he did not have a single Bible for her. They were so expensive that I doubt if Mary Jones's savings would have been nearly enough to pay for one, even if he had one to sell. However, he told her that she should have a Bible of her own some day, and that while she was resting he would copy several chapters of the New Testament for her to take home to keep. That made her very happy, and he sat at his desk a long time, writing out several chapters in his beautiful handwriting. And then he took Mary Jones safely home on his horse.

"Just as soon as he could, he went to London, and begged the wealthy London people to form a society to get Bibles for the little Welsh children who wanted them so badly, and he told them all about little Mary Jones. And someone said, 'If for Wales, why not for the world?' So Bibles were sent, not only to Mary Jones and all the other Welsh children, but societies were formed in France, and Germany, and later, in America. Today, any child who really wants a Bible may have one, all because of Mary Jones."

The children sighed with complete satisfaction over the happy ending, and George secretly

prized his Bible more than ever. When they arose from the dinner table, Gloria ran up to her room to get her doll. Like George, she wanted to show Mr. Evans her latest treasure.

Mr. Evans' admiration for the doll was genuine, and as he listened attentively to its beseeching "Mama!" he turned to ask the proud mother the appropriate question, "What is your baby's name?"

With sudden inspiration and complete satisfaction, Gloria answered, "Mary Jones!" At last she had found the beautiful name she had been looking for.—*Bertha Hunt Goodrich, in the Christian Science Monitor.*

BRAIDED RUGS

GRANDMA's at our house to stay!
And she's braiding rugs today,
Sitting in her rocking chair,
Rainbow colors round her there.

Strips—oh yards and miles, I s'pose,
That once were nothing but old clothes,
Dyed and cut, and rolled up tight;
And grandma braids them, day and night!

Blue and yellow, red and green,
White and black, and shades between—
Grandma picks each strand with care,
And fascinating braids grow there.

Then she sews them round and round—
Not a weak stitch to be found.
How we watch; and oh, what fun
When another rug is done!

One rug Grandma gave to me.
'Twas my old coat once, you see.
How I love its blue and white!
In my little room at night.

We are lucky, don't you think?
(See that length of rosy pink!)
Grandma's at our house to stay;
And she's braiding rugs today.

—*Frances Crosby Hamlet.*

A MANUFACTURER

JIMMY: "My dad's awful smart."
George: "What's he do?"
Jimmy: "Why, he's a mechanic and makes locomotives."

George: "That's nothing; my dad's a commuter and makes two trains a day."—*Boston Transcript.*

A HOUSE is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

A SERMON IN JEST

A VISITOR in the village was greatly interested in all that he saw. In particular he noticed that one of the inhabitants of the place was treated with marked respect by the others.

"I observe," remarked the visitor, "that you all treat that man with marked deference."

"Yes," was the answer, "he's one of the early settlers."

"Early settlers?" asked the other. "Why, he can't be above 30!"

"That may be true," replied the old man, "but he pays all his bills promptly on the first of every month."—*Hartford Agent.*

EVERY time you help the other fellow up the hill you get a little higher yourself.

COMPETITION is either an Excuse to Whine or a Reason to Get Busy.

FULFILLMENT

SOMETIMES I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;

That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed
And every dream we thought was lost
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,

Though here unclothed and dumb,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live embodied evermore
And wait for us to come.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

BETTER and greater than talent, is worth,

And where is the glory of brush or of pen

Like the glory of mothers and molders of men—
The home-keeping women of earth?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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